

(Original)
"No, 136, you are discharged from this prison and may go where you like. I hope you'll live an honest life and not have to come back here again."

As the warden spoke the prisoner stared at him as though his mind were upon other matters, then, without a reply, hastened out into the world.

Several years before this Henry Tracy was a young business man of such marked ability that when Manning Brightman, an intimate friend, though fifteen years his senior, died it was found that Tracy had been named sole executor of his estate and guardian of the only heir, Edith Brightman, seventeen years old. One day Abel Barnicourt, who had once been Brightman's attorney, produced papers transferring the whole estate to Sarah Parton, who claimed to be the second wife of the deceased. These papers disappeared, and there was such strong evidence that Tracy had stolen them that his incarceration followed. While he was in prison the estate remained in litigation, and Edith Brightman, being deprived of her income, was forced to earn her own living.

On the evening of his discharge he stood on a street corner waiting for the clock to strike 10. At the first stroke a man crossed the street and joined him.

"The shovels?" asked Tracy.

"On the place."

"All right. You go ahead, and I'll follow. We don't want to be seen together."

Tracy followed the man out of town to a deserted house standing beside the road, and the two entered the grounds. A pick and a shovel were found under a porch, and Tracy, leading the way to a large tree in a corner of the lot, began to dig. Coming to a small sheet iron box, they removed it and returned with it to the city.

"We'll go to your room, Brown," said Tracy. "You've got the documents there, I believe."

"Yes."
A few minutes later Brown scratched a match in his room, lit the gas, locked the door, pulled down the shades, and the two opened the iron box, taking out a bundle of papers. Brown meanwhile unlocked a desk and brought forth an envelope containing documents. Tracy seized them eagerly and scanned them one after another till he came to one at which he uttered a cry of joy.

"This is the key to the situation!" he exclaimed. "Without this the others are worthless. I'll take care of this myself. You look out for the others. Meet me in the morning at the courthouse, and we will swear out the warrant."

It was 11 o'clock at night when Tracy left the detective and walked rapidly to a house where there was but one light burning. He rang the bell

and when a servant came asked for Miss Brightman.

"Gone to bed."

"Never mind that. I must see her tonight."

"Who shall I tell her wishes to see her?"

"Never mind that either. She'll approve of your calling her up."

When Edith Brightman entered the room and saw her guardian, the convict, she caught at the door knob. His imprisonment and the mystery attending it, together with the loss of her property, had not only been a puzzle but a horror to her. When it occurred she was still half a child. Now she was a woman.

"Edith," said Tracy, "your estate is saved to you."

She stared at him wonderingly as he proceeded:

"When your father asked me to be his executor he told me of the woman who claimed to be his wife, and that he also suspected Barnicourt. 'When I die,' he said, 'there'll be some rascality practiced on my little girl. Promise me you will see that she is not robbed.' 'I promise on my honor and my life,' I replied.

"When the blow fell I knew the papers were fraudulent, but could not prove it. The court was about to turn over the estate to this woman, who would at once turn it into cash and leave the country. I deliberately stole their papers and buried them in my yard. While serving my term I employed a detective, who has only recently unraveled the case. Here is a contract between Abel Barnicourt and Sarah Parton, wherein she agrees to divide the estate with him in case he secures it for her, and below her confession that she was never married to your father, and the documents are all forged, the signatures being copied from letters of your father which had fallen into her possession. This confession Barnicourt was to hold over her in case she refused to divide with him after the estate was acquired."

While Tracy was giving his ward this brief summary of a case which could only be written in volumes her face wore the expression not of one delighted at hearing how she had regained her property, but an engrossing pity mingled with wonder, admiration, gratitude for one who had suffered disgrace and imprisonment that it might pass to its legitimate owner.

"And you did this to fulfill a promise?"

"No. I loved the little girl for whom I did it."

It was a long while before Edith Brightman, reversing the conventional order of matrimonial occurrences, could persuade Henry Tracy to become her husband. Despite the truth, to the world he was known as an ex-convict and his career was ruined. Then he fell ill, and it was in one of his weaker physical moods that his consent was obtained. The pair went abroad and have never returned to America. ROBERT F. FORBES.

From Inside Prison Walls.

Many a good book has been written in prison. Socrates, Cervantes, Bunyan, Defoe, Lovelace, Tasso, Beranger, Raleigh, George Wither and James Montgomery all continued their literary labors while suffering from a curtailment of liberty.

Stoned to Death.

Two men were fighting in a town in southern Italy, and when the bystanders attempted to part them one of the men threw stones at them. The crowd retaliated in like fashion, and the man was literally stoned to death.

NEED WE SAY MORE? Dr. Gossom's Kidney and Bladder Cure

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INCOME OF LEO XIII.

Received Yearly \$1,250,000 as Pontiff—Private Estate Small.

The late Leo XIII. was not rich. As pontiff he received an annual income of \$1,250,000. Investments of the papal funds made by Pope Pius IX. brought in some \$250,000 a year. Peter's pence yielded some \$350,000 more. From offerings made by pilgrims, etc., an average of \$200,000 annually proceeded. From Catholic sovereigns and wealthy religious orders came donations of \$200,000 more, and from offerings by those admitted to special audiences another quarter of a million, says the New York News.

But when it is considered that the expenses of the Vatican alone are \$2,000 to \$3,000 a day, and that the pope pays the nuncios and legates at foreign courts, besides subscribing liberally to Roman charities, the income is little or none greater than the expenditure.

Pope Leo, out of his own investments, drew a certain income, but though his personal expenditures were less than \$5 a day, he has saved only a trifle. Such expensive works as the establishment and maintenance of a hospital and schools—with breakfast for the pupils, by the way—in his native town and like good works established elsewhere made a great drain on his income.

The fortune he leaves as pontiff passes on to his successor. His private estate will go to his five nephews in equal parts.

SENATOR'S NEW BEVERAGE.

Invented at Sea, Eugene Hale Calls It the "Ginger Ale Jounce."

Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, who went over to England on the St. Paul and came back on the same ship just for the voyage, the return trip ending the other day, invented a new beverage, says the New York World.

In the party of friends who met often were Senator Hale, Deputy Surveyor Bishop of the port of New York, Colonel James Elverson, proprietor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and Mrs. Elverson; C. W. Thomas, private secretary of Clement A. Griscom, Jr.; D. R. Dwyer and C. E. Heron of the United States secret service.

On one night the senator sprang his favorite concoction, a heaping of Scotch as deep as you like it, all up with ginger ale and squeeze a lemon. The senator called it the ginger ale jounce.

One Sermon in 300 Years.

The only sermon preached by a pope in 300 years was that of Pius IX. in 1847, says the New York Press. A great crowd had assembled to listen to the famous Padre Ventura in Santa Andrea della Valle, Rome, but the preacher failing to appear "Pio Nono" entered the pulpit and gave a sermon.



Give the young folks all they want of it! The cost is next to nothing—two cents a quart—and the more Williams' Root Beer they drink in hot weather the healthier and happier they will be. Its roots and herbs are nature's tonic; they cool, refresh and strengthen the whole system. It's a marvel in thirst quenching, its flavor is delicious, and that such a satisfying drink can be made without alcohol is a grand thing for the temperance cause. A few bottles kept on the ice will be worth their weight in gold during the warm season. Insist on having Williams' and only Williams'.

WILLIAMS & CARLETON CO., Hartford, Conn., Makers of Williams' Flavouring Extract.

TRAITS OF LEO XIII.

Incidents Portraying the Late Pontiff's Character.

GENEROUS AND KIND TO THE POOR

His Gentle Reproof of an Empress Who Criticized His Lavish Charities—How He Helped the Poor of Italy in a Famine—Samples of His Repartees—Why He Took the Name of Leo.

The many anecdotes recounted of the late Pope Leo XIII. before and after his accession to the papal throne serve better to illustrate his character than columns of comment might do, says the New York Evening Journal. During the earlier years of his ambitious priesthood his wit, softened in later years by his inherent gentleness, could and at times did become caustic. He was diplomatic and grave when occasion required, but quick at repartee, and few cared to measure wits with him.

While nuncio to Belgium, in 1843, it is related that a marquis of questionable reputation was so ill bred as to exhibit to him a silver snuffbox, on the lid of which, in raised enamel, was the nude figure of Venus arising from the sea. Disregarding the ripple of amusement in the assembly which the act provoked, the young nuncio examined the snuffbox with the utmost gravity. He handed it back to the marquis after his inspection with a polite bow and remarked quietly:

"Charming. And, as you carry it, marquis, I assume that it is a portrait of the marchioness."

The pope's personal character has been the subject of much conflicting comment. He has been accused of parsimony, but as a matter of fact the records of his life show that he acted at all times with great generosity, self denial and wisdom. A few years ago the poor of Italy were suffering from famine. The pope, at his own expense, stocked all the streams and pools of the surrounding country plentifully with fish that the poor might catch and eat. More recently he ordered the fruits of the immense Vatican gardens put up as preserves for distribution among the needy.

Among the stories told of him is one of a late empress, who, when visiting him, took him to task for his lavish charities, arguing that such giving, which she characterized as indiscriminate, did more harm than good. Her criticisms, although rather sharp and pointed, were listened to with indulgence by his holiness. On departing, she asked him for his autograph or photograph. He complied, and when she later opened the envelope containing the picture she found written in the beautiful script of the pope the gentle reproof:

"Pope Leo XIII., to those who walk in darkness and will not see the light."

On the question of giving money to those whose needs were not great, however, Pope Leo XIII. was obdurate. To his own nephews he gave little, and their heritage now will be the comparatively small estate which the late pontiff inherited from his father. To one of his nephews, an officer in his guard, who complained of his small earnings, his holiness once said sharply: "Spend as little on yourself as I spend on myself and you will have less need for wealth."

He granted no special favors to his relatives, although his love for them was unquestionably great, and he insisted on them living in the most exemplary manner. He wished to guard the honor of his entire family as well as his own.

One of his nephews, soon after the pope's accession, wished to withdraw from a promise of marriage on the plea that his fiancée was not a suitable match for the nephew of the pope. Leo XIII. heard of his contemplated action and sternly commanded the young man to hold to his word. The marriage took place.

Nothing was more remarkable about Leo XIII. than his wonderful memory. He never forgot a face. Incidents remained as clear in his mind after the lapse of a score of years as they were when freshly happened. To visitors he frequently recalled places in their countries which he had seen when younger.

Father Dunford of London, rector of a chapel at Lincoln's Inn Fields, told the pontiff, while on a visit to Rome a few years ago, of his charge. To his surprise the holy father replied:

"Yes, I remember it perfectly. I used to say mass there when on a visit to London forty-six years ago."

Then he gave the visiting priest a minute description of the chapel as it existed when he saw it, and manifested the liveliest interest in an account of the changes which had taken place since.

When he was elevated to the throne of St. Peter it was with a full realization of the enormous task that confronted him. Humbert was master of Rome, and other circumstances combined to menace the holy church. On his assumption of the throne and the title of Leo XIII. a cardinal asked him:

"Why have you taken the name of Leo?"

"Leo XII. was the benefactor of my family," was the reply. "That is one reason. Another is that Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me just now to be most necessary is the force of a lion."

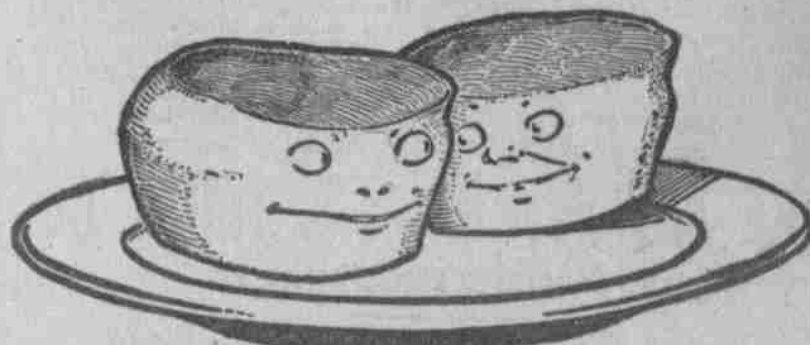
And with all his gentleness he brought a lionlike force to bear on the situation which confronted him. But it was an intellectual force, and it increased as the years went by, nor did the very shadow of death diminish the luster of the master mind that for a quarter of a century held all Europe enthralled.

Notes on Shamrock III.

Shamrock III. was built in the shipyard at Dumbarton owned by Peter Denny, Archibald Denny, Colonel Denny and James Denny. Thus we have four Dennys, says the New York Press. Can one venture the suggestion that the Shamrock's name is Dennis? Certain there is very little Irish about her. She was designed by Scotchmen and built by Scotchmen at a Scotch town on a Scotch river. By the way, Colonel John McAusland Denny, commanding the First D. R. V., is a namesake and kinsman of John McAusland, the big baker of Jersey City.

A Novel Safe.

The most remarkable burglar proof safe in the world has just been placed in a bank in Newburg, Ind., says the New York World. At night the safe is lowered by cables into an impregnable metallic lined subvault of masonry and concrete. Reaching the bottom, it is fastened down by massive steel lugs operated by a triple time lock. Until these lugs are released automatically at a desired time no human agency can raise the safe, and to break in through the mass of stone and concrete, which measures 10 by 10 by 10 feet, with dynamite would wreck the building without making the safe available.



"Good morning, Miss Muffin!"

"What an early 'riser' you are?"

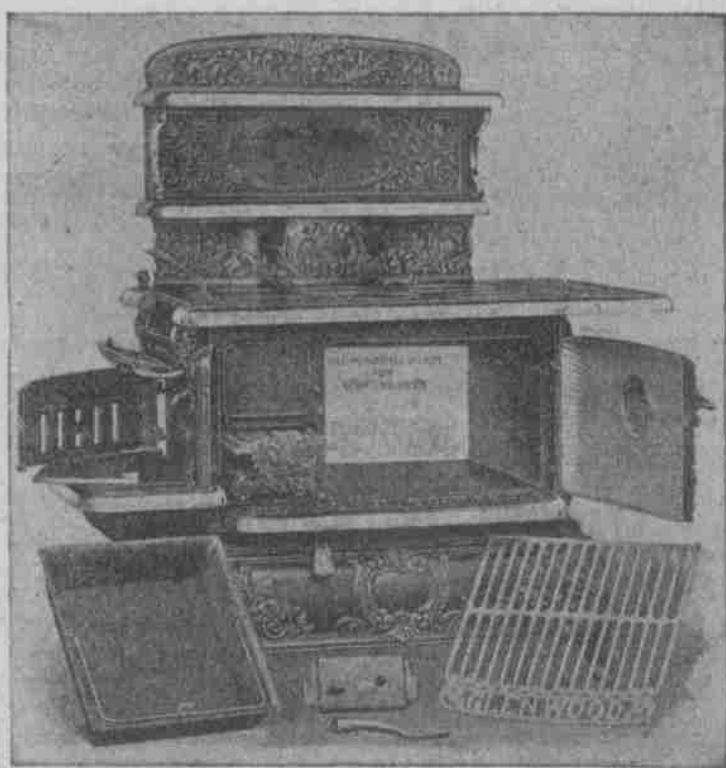
"Oh!—a member of the PRESTO Club, are you?"
"Well,—that accounts for the dainty, and crisp, appearance we Baking-Powder fellows have always admired in you!" ("Say—she's just as nice as she looks!")

Presto

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